

Letters by orphan_account

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Genre: M/M, Middle School, Multi, Young Love, i shoulve made it longer tho sorry, this is real cute

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Summary:

Will has some secret letters stored in his bag.

Letters

Author's Note:

originally posted on my tumblr - flojouno!

Will got on top of his bike, lingering on it for a few seconds, cautiously looking around. He spun his backpack around, placing it in front of his stomach, rapidly searching for something. He tried to carefully move through the mess of paper drawings in a quick manner, making a mental note to ask his mom to buy him a sketchbook. Finally, he landed on a group of letters in the bottom of his bag, slightly crumpled and covered in doodles. Will blushed while looking at them, swiftly folding them and placing them in his binder. Sighing, Will pedaled off to school, making sure that his bag didn't fall.

He whizzed past the blooming trees and bright flowers, spring time coming in. Will took a deep breath as the sweet smelling flowers filled up his lungs, his heart beating a bit faster as he rode alongside the street. Exhaling, his mind went fuzzy as he saw Mike and Lucas pull up onto the street, causing Will to subconsciously slow down for them. He gulped, putting on his best fake smile as he greeted his friends.

"Hey, what are you doing here?", Lucas asked, fiddling with his bike, adjusting his backpack. When Will didn't answer, Lucas looked up at him with a grin, his eyes filled with concern. Will simply shook his head, turning his attention to Mike, who was already staring at him.

"I just thought I could smell the flowers without being judged."

Will was still looking at Mike as he talked, his smile turning into a real one as his heart beat sped up. Lucas's gaze flickered between the two of them, his grin growing wider as he looked at the twinkle in Mike's eyes. Lucas sat on his bike seat and twisted his handlebars; he started to pedal away while shaking his head, ripping Will's gaze from Mike. His eyes widening, Will's waved at Mike to follow as blush crept up both their necks, trying to catch up.

Arriving at school, Max and Dustin stood there waiting for them, chatting to themselves. Dustin was showing her something on his sweater but she was more interested on the rest of the party riding up to them. Max switched her skateboard from her left hand, using her right to lean onto the bike racks and rub Dustin's hand, showing them a kind but nonchalant look. Lucas smiled at their exchange, quickly putting his bike up while talking to them.

"How long have you two been here?", Lucas asked, wrapping his arm around Dustin's shoulders, ruffling up Max's hair.

"Not very long, asshole. You weren't outside so we left," Max playfully swatted his hand away, giggling as she leaned onto Dustin's side.

Will watched them, tightening his grip on his handlebars, swaying side to side. Mike looked down at him, his grin shifting into a large frown, hesitantly resting his hand on Will's arm. Closing his eyes and inhaling deeply, Will made sure to stay completely frozen, the area Mike was touching burning up entirely. Will gulped, fighting the urge to place his hand on top, slowly turning his head to face Mike's. He threw on his big, fake smile, trying to convince himself that his heart wasn't hurting.

Mike scrunched up his eyebrows as Will parked his bike and sped into the school, leaning onto his bike. Looking around, he tried to see if anyone else noticed Will's weird behaviour, but they were too distracted on Dustin's dumb mishap design on his sweater. Mike rolled his eyes, rolling his bike into the racks, staring at the backs of students' heads as they walked into the middle school. Exhaling, Mike ran his hands through his hair, tightening his backpack strings.

Scurrying down the halls, Will tried to reach Mike's locker, his heart thudding in his ears. If he was caught, he would be dead on the floor in a pile of embarrassed mush, but luckily nobody but the party knew which locker was Mike's. Closing his eyes, he opened his backpack with trembling hands. Looking down into it, he pulled the love letters out of his binder, looking for the one titled Monday. Twisting the paper in his fingers, Will's heart stopped as he looked at it, debating against himself in his head. Slipping the letter inside, Will stuffed the rest into his backpack, practically sprinting to class to avoid being

seen. Will sat down in his assigned seat, taking out his books as he impatiently waited for the rest of the party to stroll in.

Dustin trotted into class, a wide grin on his face, followed by Lucas and Max giggling with him. With sad eyes, Will watched them sit down, sadly waving as Max retreated to her seat so far away. Anxiously, he shifted his gaze to stare at the door, gradually shaking his leg faster as the bell rang. Eventually, Mike walked into the classroom, his cheeks bright red from blush, his bag hanging open. Will diverted his eyes from him, actively ignoring the growing feeling in his stomach.

Mike sat beside Will, his eyes flickering as he pulled out his materials, lingering on the piece of paper. He examined it, instantly stuffing it inside his pant pocket as the teacher began to speak. Will watched him from the corner of his eyes, feeling his heart bang with a sharp pain, wondering why he treated his letter with such carelessness. Angrily squinting at his notebook, Will furiously started to draw something to calm him down. The rest of the class all Will could do was doodle abstract pictures onto small places in his notes, while Mike was stuck staring up at the ceiling.

At the end of the day, everyone packed up their things, heading outside of the school. Will walked faster than everyone else, not stopping even after hearing his friends call his name. Mike furrowed his brow and bit his lip, attempting to jog to catch up with him, placing his hand on Will's shoulder. Will flashed him the fakest smile he's ever mustered up, his cheeks squishing his eyes, his lips tightening. He snapped his head back forward, picking up his face as Mike stopped in his tracks, relief waving over him as he got to his bike, riding back to his house.

Jonathan looked at Will with big eyes, rushing to hug him as a greeting. Will rolled his eyes and hugged him back, ignoring him as Johnathan lectured him about riding his bike by himself again. Will grabbed an apple and trudged into his room, throwing his backpack down on his bed. He retrieved the other letters, rereading them carefully, his heartbeat thudding in his ears as he turned hot.

Mike just stuffed his letter in his pocket; did he truly care for it? Will delicately folded the letters again, taking out a red pen, doodling

more hearts onto the wrinkled papers. He let himself get lost in the coloring, feeling his body calm down, tiredness kicking in. After a few minutes, Will neatly planted his letters back into his bag, thinking of his plan for Tuesday that was less suspicious. Sighing, Will pulled out his homework, planning to sleep once he finished, taking a bite out of his apple.

Joyce had come home very late, a loose grin on her face when she kissed Will's forehead, assuming he was asleep with a first glance. She quickly noticed how fast Will's was breathing, causing her to sit on the edge of his bed, gently rubbing his shoulders. Eventually, Will turned his body to face her, a sad smile with tears running down his face. Silently, Joyce hugged him, rubbing his back, sitting in a weird position. Will quietly cried as his mom held him, soon falling fast asleep from the exhaustion.

In the morning, Jonathan had made him breakfast. Scrambled eggs and jelly on toast; it was very simple and small but Will could barely stomach any of it. Neither Joyce nor Jonathan forced him to eat, just encouraged him to drink some water throughout the day. Will exhaled with sorrow, not feeling motivated and excited to see his friends after rushing away from him.

"Can you walk me to school today?", Will asked Jonathan, startling him while he drank his orange juice.

"Of course, buddy. Why wouldn't I?"

Will shrugged his shoulders, taking another sip from his cup. He lifted his bag off of the ground and walked outside the house, his frown staying glued to his face. Jonathan followed after him, waving goodbye to their mother as she got inside her car. Throwing his arm around Will's shoulder, Jonathan squeezed him to his side, trying to cheer him up. Will only playfully shoved him, cracking the tiniest smile for a split second.

When Will arrived at school, everyone was waiting out front for him, beaming over at him. They all waved hello to Jonathan before rushing to speak with Will, large smiles and loud laughter filling his ears as he said hi. Mike stood in the back, towering over his friends, watching them chat with concern filling his heart. Mike stared at

Will, his heart hurting as he watch him obviously pull off another successful fake smile. Worry filled Mike's chest as he watched Will brush past them all once more, speed walking into the school once more.

This time, Will didn't risk going to Mike's locker, heading straight to their first period. He felt Mike hot on his trail, the urge to puke out of nerves bubbling up in his stomach. Rushing to the inside of the classroom, Will slammed his backpack onto the desk, desperately throwing it open. He opened his notebook, flipping rapidly for a clean page to draw, his heart screaming in his chest. Pictures of Mike's face flashed past, causing his blood to boil, angrily ripping the pages out, ignoring the notes on the back.

Mike finally moved from where he stood in the doorway, watching enough of his best friend having a breakdown. He inched closer to Will, his brows furrowed and his cheeks bitten raw as he played with his index and middle finger. Before Mike could tap Will's shoulder, something on the floor caught his eyes, his stomach jumping out his throat. He bent down to pick it up, smoothing the paper out as he examined the drawing. Mike sucked in his lips, tears erupting in his eyes as he saw a semi realistic but cartoon-like version of himself with hearts all around it.

"Is-Is this me?"

Will's head snapped over to wherever his voice came from, a large pit forming in his stomach as he quickly figured out what he was asking. Will gulped as Mike broke his eyes away from the lined paper. The footsteps and laughter of Dustin, Lucas, and Max seemed to echo in Will's ears as Mike's eyes flickered throughout his face, realization coating his face.

"You were the one who wrote me that note. It looked so similar to your writing, I should've known."

"Mike-"

"You acting so weird, acting so, so fake. Not even rolling your eyes at Jonathan as he said goodbye and hugged you. It was all cause of these feelings, right?"

"Mike, please," Tears were slowly starting to fall out of Will's eyes as he held his backpack to his chest, a desperate attempt to hide the letters. He didn't even get through the week before being caught. Such a stupid, stupid mistake. Will cried harder at the thought.

The party was quiet as Will openly sobbed, Mike looking around the room in panic. Lucas glared at him, gesturing for him to do something. Mike tried to place his hand on Will's shoulder but he flinched away, snatching the paper out of Mike's hands and the ones off the floor. He stuffed them all in his bag as he slung it across his shoulders, pushing Max surprisingly hard out of the doorway.

"Will, can you wait! Please!"

"What do you want, Mike?" Will snapped his body towards him as he wiped his cheeks off with his sleeve, sniffing loudly as his bag sagged open.

"Will, I've been in love with you since the second grade, how have you not figured that out? I've been pining and pining for years, wishing and hoping I had a chance with you. And now? Knowing through those notes, that you do feel the same, has made me go straight to cloud nine. So please Will, come here."

Gulping, Will inched closer to Mike, letting him hold him in his arms, his heart beating too quick for him to breathe. Crying into his chest, Will felt Mike lead him backwards, stopping when they were beside some lockers, out of people's way. Hiccuping and gasping for air, Will stayed sobbing, every sense overwhelming him. Mike only held him closer, swaying him from side to side, whispering sweet nothings in his ears as Dustin watched from the classroom.